



L'ENTENTE



How the Pullman Company Handles the Peak Load —

WERE every one of the one hundred and thirty-seven railroads served by the Pullman Company to attempt to furnish the same service for itself, the burden of expense would be found insupportable.

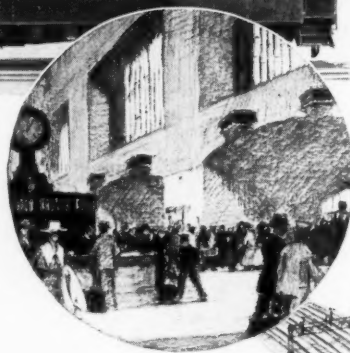
The needs of these railroads vary greatly at different times; a road may use many cars in winter and few in summer, or vice versa; and excursions, conventions and fairs make heavy demands for short periods.

Each road would have a heavy investment in extra cars which would be idle perhaps eleven months in the year; and it would be forced at certain times to man all these cars with green crews—to the great discomfort, inconvenience and anxiety of the public.

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
Chicago

The Pullman Company mobilizes its seventy-four hundred cars—each as perfectly appointed in its way as a modern hotel—with the keenest strategy. It knows at every hour of the day the location of each one of them on the map; it notes the least threat of congestion here, or shortage there, and is on the alert to supply maximum service wherever needed, without unnecessary hauling.

Pullman service is a national economy; it gives to our passenger traffic facilities a stability and a mobility without which the railroads and the public would face a problem almost impossible of solution.



The Red Cross and Vivisection

It is admitted by the Red Cross that this action of appropriating one hundred thousand dollars was undertaken upon the recommendation of a group of American physicians and surgeons serving with the several armies in France. Among these physicians are Dr. George W. Crile, Dr. W. B. Cannon and Dr. Harvey Cushing—three well-known vivisectors in America. Dr. Crile is renowned, even among his colleagues, for the severity of his experiments with dogs. All of them are strong advocates of and absorbed in vivisection work.

Among Dr. Crile's numerous experiments on dogs, a series of one hundred and forty-eight—sixteen of them performed in London—aroused the censure of not only humanitarians, but physicians, members of Parliament, distinguished authors, and were the subject of much discussion in 1906 before the Royal Commission of England.

Dr. Crile describes one experiment in his book, "An Experimental Research into Surgical Shock," as follows: "Healthy male fox terrier. . . . Under incomplete anaesthesia crushing of foot caused a very sharp rise. . . . This was repeated several times." "Fox terrier. . . . Duration of experiment two and a half hours. . . . Applied Bunsen's flame to the paw. . . . In the control experiments as well as in this, the dog was not under full anaesthesia. In the former the animal struggled on application of the flame."

Throughout the book experiments are described such as "twisting and tearing the sciatic nerve"; "Extirpation of an eye and rude manipulation and bruising of the socket"; "First air then water was forced into the stomach, causing its gradual complete dilation. . . . Finally the stomach burst."

As a result of these one hundred and forty-eight experiments Dr. Crile comes to the conclusion of what would seem to be a self-evident fact, namely, that: "The result of action is reaction; of rest, restoration."

Testimony as to the great value of dogs in this war has been constant; thousands have been and are being used. They have shown extraordinary intelligence and nobility; they have been comrades, sentinels, scouts, messengers and draught animals. With such ardent vivisectors in charge the fear was expressed that these war dogs, when enfeebled through wounds or labor, would be ruthlessly used for vivisection in the laboratories of the American Red Cross.

Lovers of animals view the action of the American Red Cross not only with great disapproval, but as an illegitimate use of funds placed in their hands for other and distinct purposes.

Quite Fitting

"What kind of a lunch did you have at the zoo?"

"A very suitable one. I ordered a pony of brandy, a pousse café and a hot dog."—*Baltimore American*.



*"We've Created A Body Of
Master Tire Builders"*

Uniform Tires or "Lottery" Tires?

Decide Between Them Now—Once for All

Tires contain much handwork. Hence they must always differ in mileage as the men who build them differ. To make tires uniform—as Miller has done—"human variables" must go. This explains why all tires of a given brand are not so good as the best that the factory makes. Until now there has been no way (in buying) to tell the "lucky" tire from the faulty.

AT one time Miller Tires varied as the others do. Now 99 Millers in 100 exceed the standard guarantee. Less than one per cent ever require adjustment.

And in Akron, Ohio, where seven-tenths of all tires are produced, the Miller outsells at retail every other make.

Built by World Champions

To make uniform tires requires uniform tire builders. And Miller has succeeded by bringing the workmen on line.

Today these Miller masters are the champions of the industry.

Each one is rated on his personal efficiency. Each tire he builds is counted for or against him.

If ever one comes back, his standing is penalized.

Yet under this searching system these men average 96 per cent perfect.

More than that—not one in a hundred of tires that they

build ever falls below our mileage mark. Records on thousands and thousands of tires prove this conclusively.

Geared-to-the-Road

Miller also gives you the tread that is geared-to-the-road. The ratchet-like tread that engages the ground as you go.

Thus slipping is largely prevented. And the wheels can't spin and scuff the tires in starting.

Uniform tires can't be made at high speed.

Picked men are rare. And thousands of work-

men cannot all be champions.

Hence Miller Tires must always fall short of demand. Only one dealer in each neighborhood can be supplied. And only about one motorist in fifty can get Millers.

So don't put off. When you can get certainty, why trust to luck?

If you want the utmost air capacity—size for size—ask for Miller Cord Tires. They are truly luxurious—yet not a luxury, because they cost less per mile than any other type.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—The Team-Mates of Uniform Tires



Copr. Life Pub. Co.



Next Week

Your Dog—In the War.

Is Your Husband an Animal?

Blowing up the Kaiser.

Are You a Late Bloomer?

Is There too Much Hot Air in America?

What Shall We Do with Our Army Contractors?

When Your Boy Waves Good-Bye.

Would You Make \$500 by a few Strokes of Your Pen?

Special Offer

Enclosed find one Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 28

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

*Regular as
Clockwork*



What is the Par Value of Your Health?

Almost everybody has a sick spell during the winter. More people die every day during January, February and March than during any equal period. Vitality is at its lowest point.

Lowered vitality is largely caused by constipation which undermines health and strength and makes *you* susceptible to the whole host of winter disorders. To keep your vitality at par, you must obey the first law of health. You must maintain *adequate bowel functioning at regular intervals*.

Nujol will give you *clockwork bowel regularity*. It will relieve constipation gently and surely without harm. It is a sound health investment.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(New Jersey)

Bayonne

New Jersey

Nujol is never sold in bulk. Send 50c. and we will ship our new kit size to soldiers or sailors anywhere.

Nujol *for constipation*

THINGS WORTH WHILE
GOOD RESTAURANTS
GOOD SERVICE
GOOD MUSIC

AND

CLYSMIC

OF COURSE

KING OF TABLE WATERS

The Diary of a Nation

War Editorials from LIFE
By EDWARD S. MARTIN

What the Reviewers say about it:

From the Boston Transcript:

An American product is LIFE, just as *Punch* is a fruit of Great Britain's national existence. It has assumed a semi-political rank during the last three years through its Yankee freedom of critical, sometimes caustic, speech when reflecting upon our part, or former lack of part in the war. Mr. Martin has come near to being the James Russell Lowell of the day, in his frequent comments on the conflict in its many kaleidoscopic variations, comments that have stood pat with the sensations and sympathies of thousands of staunch Americans. He has been the able mouthpiece of a multitude.

One of the best of the selections in "The Diary of a Nation" is that on England's bulldog grip, "Hold On, John Bull!" a three page compressed statement of all the best instincts of our kinship with Great Britain.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer:

This is one of the few war books to be kept for all time.

From the London Spectator:

These articles from New York LIFE stand for a type of editorial comment for which there is no parallel in British journalism—unconventional, colloquial, but trenchant and often intensely serious, though appearing in what is nominally a comic paper. . . . There is hardly a page that does not invite quotation.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, \$1.50.

Suggestions for Official Post Cards for Use of American Soldiers in France

To Be Sent to Wives

I THINK of you often.

We can hear fighting in the distance.

I am taking the tablets which you gave me.

The food is {good, but I would like some of your
abundant, onion soup.
but I could do with about two
dozen griddle-cakes.

I am sending money order for { \$5,
\$10,
\$20,

{and would have sent more, only I had to buy some
French books.
and will send more when I don't need to get so much
medicine.

When I wet my feet I change my socks.

Write soon and send me {cigarettes.
tobacco.
chewing gum.
safety-razor blades.
playing cards.
soap.

To Be Sent to Sweethearts

I {love }you with all my {heart.
adore }mind.
soul.

I think of you {on fatigue duty.
at mess.
during bayonet drill.
in the trenches.
every minute of the day.

France is beautiful, but you are more so.

No French girl has such lovely {blue
gray
hazel } eyes as you.
brown

I dream about you every night.

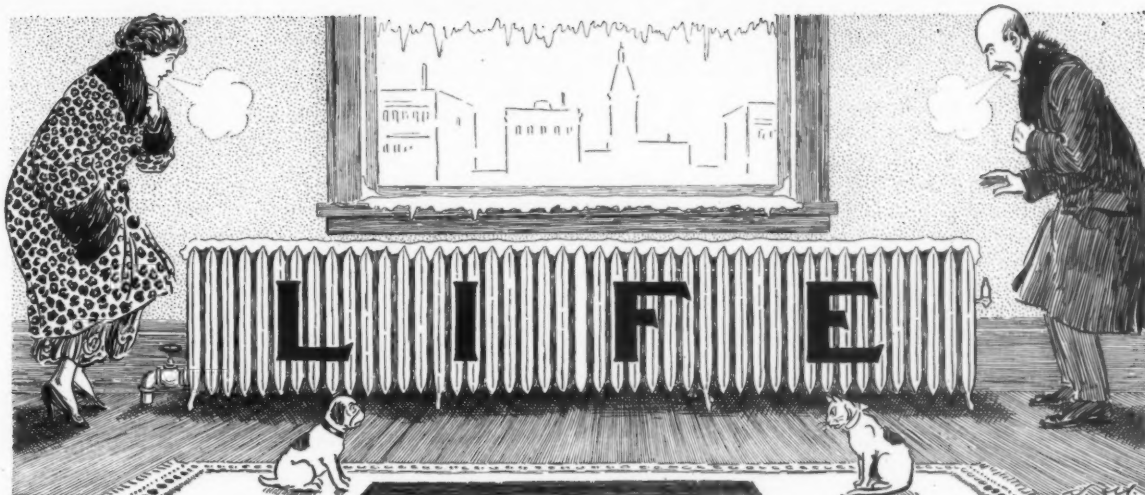
If you were here I would kiss you {100
1,000
1,000,000 } times.

Write soon and tell me that you {miss me.
love me.
think of me constantly.
are almost dead without me.

K. L. R.

Another Rejection Slip

IN returning the enclosed peace terms, the Allies desire to thank the Kaiser for submitting them, and to express the hope that other very different contributions may hereafter be forthcoming from the same pen. The Allies feel sure that the author will understand where so many peace terms from the same source are constantly being received, and where the aims of the Allies are so firmly fixed, that only those peace terms can be retained which are particularly suited to the Allies' democratic ideals.



Violets in Winter

HOW tenderly, how fragrantly they rest
Upon the peaceful haven of her breast!
To me they make appeal in vernal-wise—
Spring in her heart and Spring within her eyes!

Clinton Scollard.

Her Choice of Cripples

IF my soldier gets by with a leg or two shy,
And an arm or so missing, he still will be mine;
I would much prefer him with never a limb
To a safety first slacker who hadn't a spine!

R. D. Lucas.



SOCIETY NOTE

TRAINS ARE NOT BEING STEPPED ON AS MUCH AS FORMERLY

I Meet Gott

I HAD considerable difficulty in finding the Prussian Gott. But at last I ran across him, just coming out of a communication trench about three miles back of the front line. He was pointed out to me by one of the orderlies. He wore an iron cross. But aside from this he had no other decorations.

"You are Gott?" I said politely.

"Yes."

"I mean the one created by Emperor William."

"The same. What can I do for you?"

"I came to interview you—to ask what you think about the war, and in general, your opinion about the whole situation."

He lowered his voice and looked about.

"You will understand," he said cautiously, "that I can only say what William directs. He made me, you know."

"True. But don't you see that, even if you do express your real opinion, there is nothing he can really do to you? Your job is different from that of anyone else. Because all he made you for was to convey the impression to the Huns that you were with him; that you had appointed him first, and were now backing him up. Conse-



Mary had a little lamb.
Its fleece was quite expensive.
It followed her to school one day,
And came home feeling pensive.

The little maids at school that day
Forgot their sums and letters.
They pulled the wool all off its back,
And knit it into sweaters.



Child: OH, MOTHER, DON'T YOU WISH WE COULD AFFORD TO BE
EPISCOPALIANS?

quently, after he has gone so far, he cannot now go back on you."

"I hadn't thought about that."

"Then tell me how you really feel."

"Well, my friend, to be candid with you, I am tired of being Gott." He wiped his eyes with his handkerchief. It was really affecting.

"You see," he went on, "I was drawn into this thing against my will. He created me long ago, when there was peace, and advertised himself all

over the German Empire as being my special vice-agent. Oh, this wonderful power of advertising! Everybody in a comparatively short time fully believed him. Then when the war came on I had to stand for everything he did—and is doing. It's a hard position for any Gott."

"Then you don't believe in everything the Germans are doing?" I asked, leading him on.

"Believe it!" he exclaimed. "I



WHILE YOU WAIT

should say not! I assure you I am not naturally cruel, although I have that reputation. William has placed me in a most unfortunate position."

"Why don't you just come right out and tell the world you don't stand for any of his practices?" I asked. "It's your duty. Haven't you got enough moral courage for that?"

"I'm not sure that it would do any good," he replied. "You see, William has the army by the throat with his military system, and all the available men in Germany are in the army. I couldn't get any message to them. And as for the ones who are staying home, they are so weak as to be helpless. Besides, I am the only Gott they have. I kind of hate to deprive them of even the poor consolation of believing in me."

"You are too timid!" I objected.

"These obstacles you have mentioned are fanciful. Come out firmly and declare you are against your master, and I am quite sure the news would get home to the army. Besides, think of the effect upon the world."

"You feel that way?" he asked, looking at me pointedly.

"I do."

"Ha! You are sure you feel that way?"

"Yes!"

"You want me to come right out and say that I don't approve of any of his war practices: killing women and children, sinking helpless fishermen, destroying sacred works of art—in short, about everything that he and his trained band of cutthroats are doing?"

"I do! I think you ought to, Gott!" I had worked him up to the final

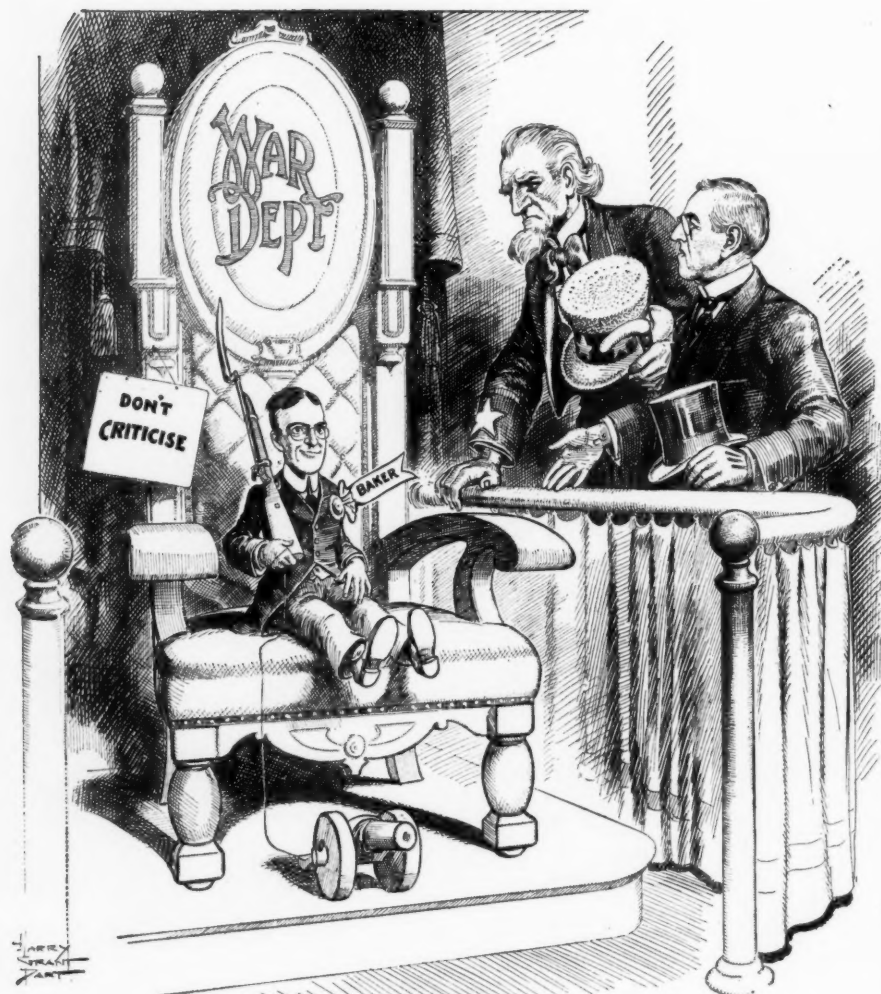
climax. I began to feel a glow of triumph. I felt that he must yield. And then suddenly he raised his hand, and something happened. Two Boches ran out of the trench at his bidding and seized me.

"You are a prisoner!" said Gott. "Trying to come between me and William, eh! We'll teach you!"

"Do you mean to say," I panted, "that you have deliberately lied to me in order to arrest me? Then you have no sense of right and wrong. You are cruel. You believe in and encourage frightfulness. You haven't even a decent sporting instinct in you."

Gott looked at me calmly as they took me away.

"You forget," he replied, without the vestige of a smile—for of course he had no sense of humor—"that I was made in Germany."



President Wilson: I REGARD HIM AS ONE OF THE ABLEST PUBLIC OFFICIALS
I HAVE EVER KNOWN

Who Is This?

THERE is a rumor that an anonymous person who has been furnishing the *New York Times* with protracted articles about the future of the United States has advocated the annexation by these States of Canada and the West Indies.

The rumor cannot be verified except by going through these weary pieces, which is a heavier job than the result would warrant. But probably it is true, for some good people have been disturbed by the suggestion.

If Editor Miller should see fit to

print the name of the anonymous contributor to whom he has accorded so much hospitality, the articles would probably be sufficiently explained to allay all anxiety.

A Mild Correction

"THE last I remember," groaned the anarchist with the foreign accent, "I was standing on a street corner, telling some fellows that this was a rich man's war. What happened?"

"You were all but murdered," grinned the ambulance surgeon, "by a millionaire who had just paid his war taxes."

Skinning the War Cat

THE San Francisco *Argonaut* being a member in good standing of the Carnal party, it is something of a surprise to have it say (apropos of international organization as the alternative of universal armament) that "preparation for war is the surest possible means of bringing about future contentions and future wars."

So it is, but the Resolute usually argue that it is the only means by which considerable periods of peace can be obtained. German General Freytag, third in rank in the German army, says in his recent book belauding war and the German attachment to it, that German military preparation and armament, "though defective in some respects," none the less secured peace for Germany for forty years, "a length of time such as hardly ever before has been experienced in the world's history in the case of a great country."

It may be that both these doctors are right; Freytag when he says that vigorous preparation for war is the way to gain long intervals of peace; the *Argonaut* when it says that armament leads to war. The idea of international organization is to continue a sufficient war preparation to insure peace, but to spend it all on an international police force, and so avoid inviting war.

Prussia would not like that. Of course not. It would restrict and perhaps abolish her chief industry, which is war.

Freytag says pacifist hopes can only be realized by a spiritual transformation of the human race, which looks to him far off. And probably it is. But that failing, the alternative to international organization is pretty grim. It is to go on having such wars as this one now prevalent until Earth becomes a scrap-heap.

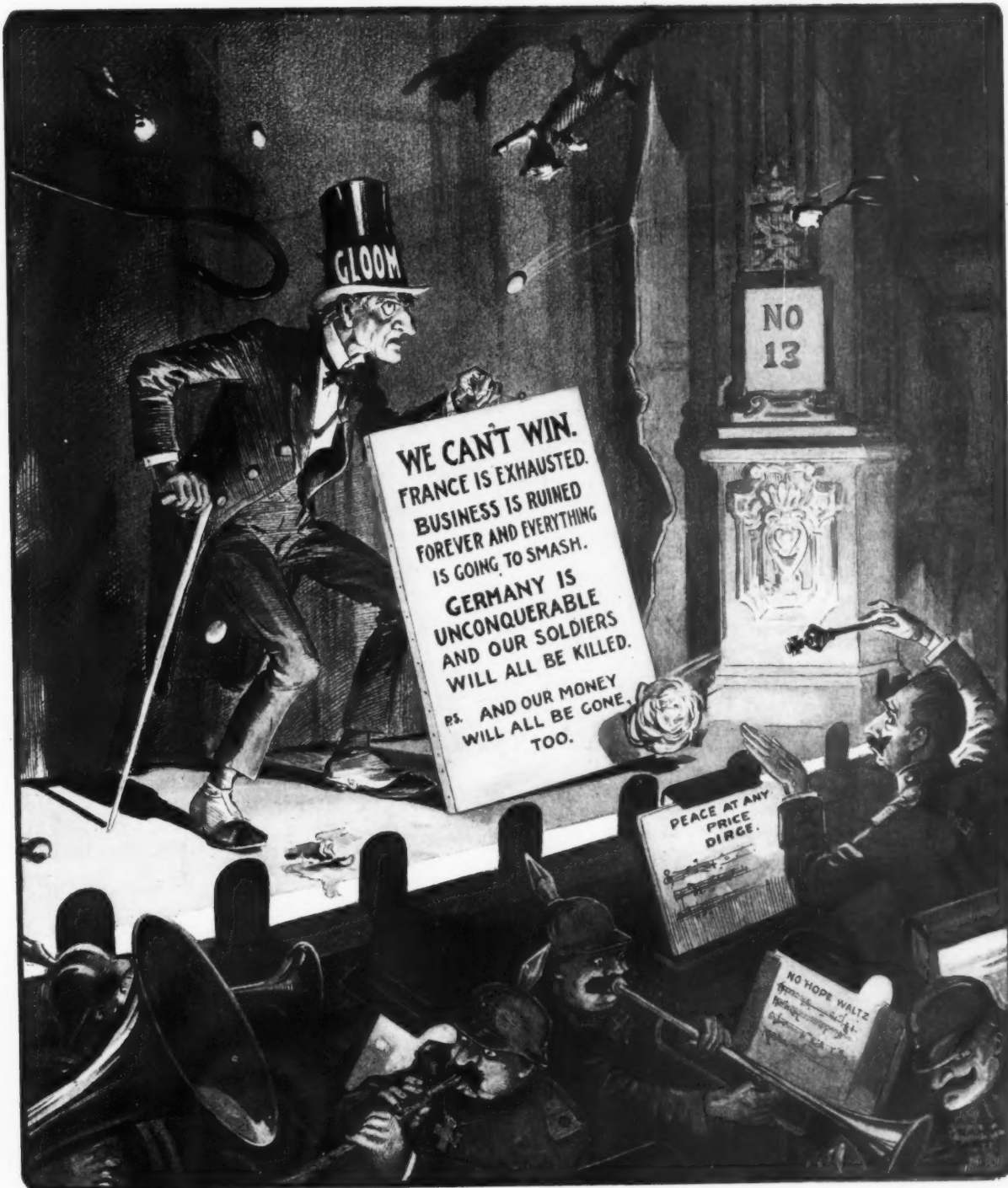
THE French Revolution settled with the nobles.

The Russian revolution may settle with the Utopians.

ATTENDANT: This is a sad case, sir.

VISITOR: Shell shock?

"No. Ordnance Department."



THE PESSIMIST
GIVE HIM THE HOOK!

Life's Title Contest

For the best title to the picture on this page

LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize, . . \$500.00
Second Prize, . . \$200.00
Third Prize, . . \$100.00

With Special Prizes for Soldiers and Sailors

The contest will be governed by the following

CONDITIONS

Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the situation shown in the picture.

No title submitted shall consist of more than twenty-five words. Hyphenated words will be counted as one.

The contest is open to everybody. In case a prize is won by a Soldier or Sailor \$100.00 extra will be added to the first prize, \$50.00 extra to the second and \$25.00 extra to the third. By the term Soldier and Sailor is meant anyone, no matter what the rank, in the uniformed forces of the United States government. In case of any dispute as to the status of a winning contestant under these terms the Editors of LIFE will be the sole judges. But a liberal interpretation will be placed on the conditions.

The contest is now open. It will close at noon on May 6, 1918, no manuscripts received after that time being considered.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered. Envelopes must contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet. If you have anything else to say to LIFE, send it in a separate letter. The Editors will not be responsible for



For the Best Title to this Picture \$800 will be given in Prizes

See conditions on this page

the loss of manuscripts. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies. No manuscripts will be returned.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author, but in this case the source must be accurately given.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE to be a contestant.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcements of the award.

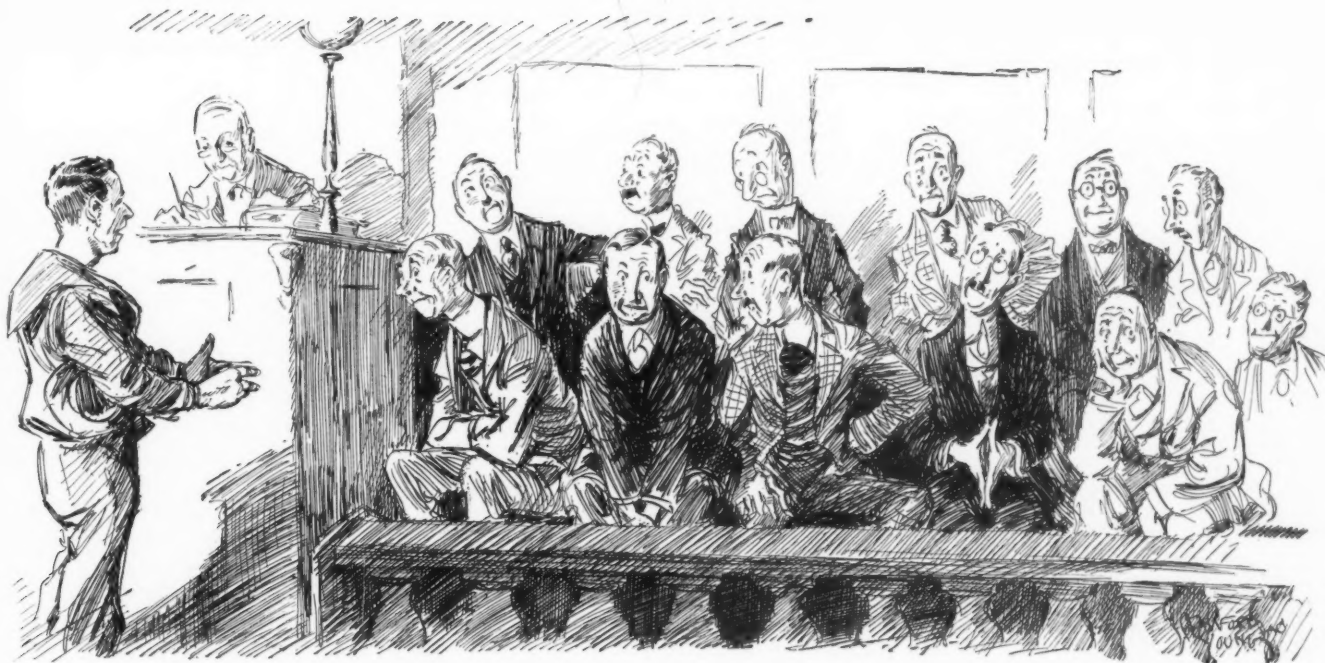
The earlier you send your title the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.

Hooveropsis

SO live that when inspectors come to see
The hoard of food which they believe lies hid
In that mysterious room which each must ope
To government inspection soon or late,
Thou go not like the trembling criminal,
Caught with the goods; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, fling wide the door,
Like one who's helped his country to conserve,—
A patriot with nothing to conceal.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

THE goose-step has become a shuffle.



SNAPSHOT OF A JURY TRYING TO LOOK AS IF THE MEANING OF "FOUR BELLS IN THE DOG-WATCH" WAS PERFECTLY CLEAR TO THEM

Impatient Mr. Rathom

MR. JOHN RATHOM, famous spy-catcher, violent anti-German and editor of the *Providence Journal*, doesn't see how the United States can hope to win the war with a "professed out-and-out pacifist at the head of the war department." Mr. Rathom is also deeply disturbed because Secretary Baker "has appointed to important posts in the departments under him a number of rabid Socialists, a majority of whom are rabid pacifists and some of whom are German pacifists." Mr. Rathom is evidently an impatient man. He wants the war won right away, after only a year or two of fighting. He forgets that Secretary Baker is a lawyer, and that lawyers are slow, careful workers, who never use one word when ten will do as well, and who believe in long-drawn-out fights. Mr. Rathom should curb his impatience, and allow Secretary Baker to deal with the war in his own meticulous, roundabout, legal way. In five or ten years he will work out some scheme whereby we can whip the Kaiser in another five or ten years. If Mr. Rathom had studied law in the same law school that Secretary Baker attended, he would probably realize that there is nothing so absurd, from a legal standpoint, as finishing a fight before it has fairly started.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

"WHAT kind of coal are you using now?"
"Coalless coal."



HAPPLY, JONES, WHO IS SITTING ON A PIN CUSHION, DISCOVERS THAT ONE OF HIS CAPTORS UNDERSTANDS THE SIGN LANGUAGE,

Who?

WHO killed King Coal?

"I," said the Weather. "I did it with my blizzards and the meanest temperature I could create. I killed King Coal."

"I did it," said the Railroad. "I tangled myself up in a hopeless mess after a long previous career of financial manipulation. I was the one who killed King Coal."

"'Twas I," said the Bureaucrat, "with my rotten system of inefficiency. Gripped by incompetents, I fixed King Coal so that he couldn't possibly move. Put me down as guilty."

"Pooh, pooh!" cried the Pacifist, "I made the conditions in the first place. If it hadn't been for me, King Coal would have been doing his bit from the beginning."

Then the newspapers cried, and Dr. Garfield explained, and all the critics criticized, and National Pride blushed again, and red tape wriggled with joy,

and the Colonel snorted. And Truth came out of the bottom of a well and said:

"Alas! gentlemen, does no one dare tell who it really was?"

Ignorance About Drinks

TO Mr. Bryan and Mr. Daniels and a large proportion of anti-rum reformers every beverage that contains alcohol is "alcohol," and therefore "poison" and necessary to be suppressed *in toto*. Whether it contains three per cent. of alcohol or forty makes no difference to these persons. If there is any alcohol in it it is unethical and must go under the ban.

But in Europe, and especially in the Scandinavian countries where temperance reform has been most successful, the drinks of low alcoholic percentage are looked upon as temperance drinks, and may be sold without license, or a very low one, and are not taxed. But the strong drinks are taxed according to their alcoholic percentage, and de-

barred from advertisement. They must not intrude on notice, and all the profit in them and in the sale of them goes to the government.

That is the right idea.

Our temperance people will never do a good job until they learn to distinguish between drinks.

It is a tragedy that the temperance agitation in this country should be so largely in the hands of people who know nothing about drinks except the effect of the strongest beverages upon the weakest heads.

Hope Springs Eternal

CHEER UP! A Northfield weather-sharp writes to the Springfield *Republican* that by February 11th the maximum allowance of cold for this winter will be used up and "the temperature tension must relax."

Put your mittens in the drawer,
Leave your arctics in the closet;
Winter's not here any more.
No great congelation! Was it?



IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

PITIABLE CONFUSION OF THE TELLER WHO REFUSED TO CASH OUR TWO-DOLLAR CHECK WITHOUT IDENTIFICATION

Mother Goose for War Babies

ONE a penny, two a penny,
Hot, cross Huns.
If your daughters don't want them,
Better send your sons.

Little Bill Kaiser
Sat near a geyser,
Eating his sausage and kraut,
When Sam, Jean and Tom
Each landed a bomb
That washed little Billy right out.

Dwindle, dwindle, little Czar.
How I wonder what you are!
Down beneath your throne so low,
Seems to me life must be slow.

Ferd and Bill went up a hill
To fill a vale with slaughter.
Bill fell down and lost his crown,
And Ferd came tumbling after.

Pat-a-cake, wide-awake Edison man,
Make me a bomb just as fast as you
can.
Fuse it and fill it and mark it with B.
And blow up Berlin for Freedom and
me.

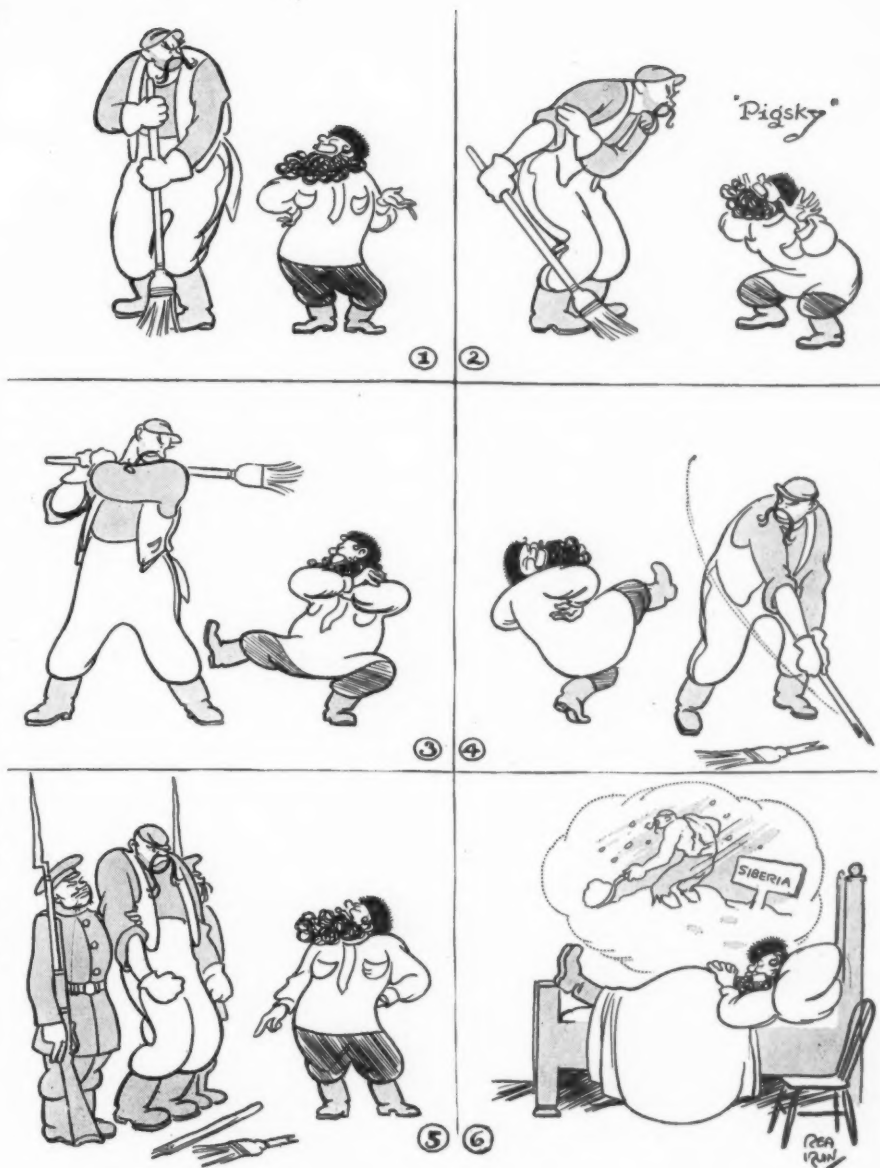
Ride an airplane to Hindenburg's line
To see all his prowess packed up in a
stein.
With Byngs on his fingers and Haigs
on his toes,
He shall have music wherever he goes.

Swedish Mary, quite contrary,
What does your garden grow?
Uhlan yells and German shells
And cablegrams all in a row?

There is a little Hun,
And I hold a little gun
Right close to the middle of his fore-
head;

For when he is dead
He is very, very good,
But when he's alive he is horrid.

Fritzie, Schnitzie, pretzels and rye,
To capture Paris made a try;
But when French guns began to play,
Fritzie Schnitzie made up his mind he
had better postpone it until an in-
definite later day.



IVAN, THE BOLSHEVIK, RECOGNIZES IN A STREET SWEEPER HIS FORMER OFFICER

Bits

SAVE the scraps and win the scrap.

Don't weaken on carrying home
your purchases. Carry on!

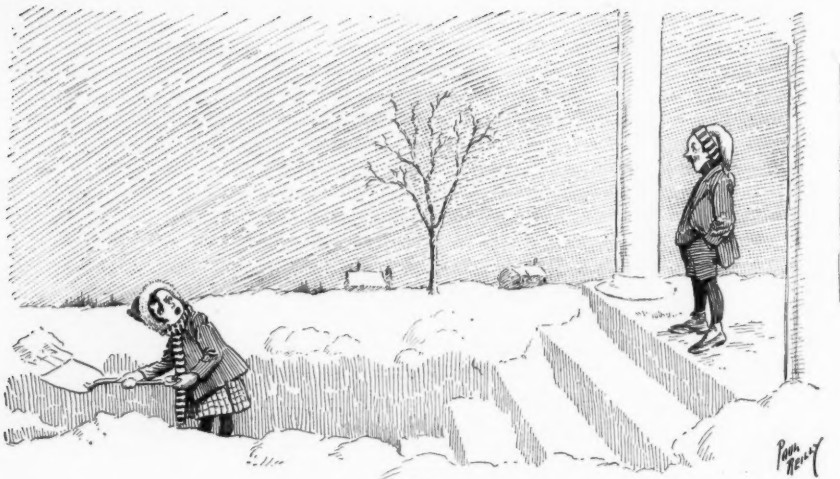
Save for humanity, not for yourself.
Do you really want to win the war,
or do you just have to have things you
don't need?

You cannot profess and call yourself

a patriot if you cannot afford to buy
Liberty Bonds but can afford expensive
luxuries.

IS General Wood being punished for
advocating preparedness at the
proper time?

How long should he be punished for
a crime of that magnitude?



Her brother: I GUESS YOU'RE GLAD YOU GOT THE VOTE

The First Step

THE parents of a five-year-old girl in Peterboro, Va., had visited Camp Lee several times and the little girl accompanied them. She had watched the soldiers at their mess. Recently her parents were entertaining three of the soldier boys at their home, and at dinner the little miss sat next to

one of them. She asked her mother:

"Mamma, why can't I be a soldier?"

"You can be a soldier, dear, if you want to," answered the mother.

"Can I, really?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, you can if you want to."

The little patriot turned to the soldier beside her and said:

"Damn you, pass me them beans."



"JUST FOR FUN, DOCTOR, LET'S ANNOUNCE THE FAILURE OF THESE EXPERIMENTS BEFORE WE MAKE THEM."

"BETTER GET THE HUNDRED THOUSAND FIRST, DOCTOR."

At the instigation of certain vivisectors the American Red Cross has given \$100,000 of its money toward a laboratory where certain "scientists" may experiment on living animals.

Some Bills We Pay

THE Butcher is Wilhelm,
Who plunges the knife
In women and babies
And innocent life.

The Baker is Newton,
Self-satisfied man,
Who thinks himself perfect
In method and plan.

The Candlestick Maker
Is Garfield so grim,
Who keeps the light burning
Or douses the glim.

McLanburgh Wilson.

Neighbors

THERE was once a Wise Man who lived at the top of a Hill on a road that ran from a valley on the East to a valley on the West. One day a Traveler stopped his horses to rest in front of the Gate. His Wagon was full of Household goods. "You are moving, I see," said the Wise Man. "Yes," said the Traveler, "and I am glad to be leaving the old place; worse-tempered, meaner Neighbors a man never had. I am going to live by the West River. Can you tell me what kind of Neighbors I shall find there?" "From what I hear," said the Wise Man, "you will find the very same kind of people there." "Horrible!" said the Traveler. And he whipped his tired Horses and went on.

The next day another Man with his Belongings packed into his Wagon stopped to rest before the Gate. "You are moving, I see," said the Wise Man. "Yes," said the Traveler, "and it is with a heavy Heart, for I leave behind me the best and kindest Neighbors a man ever had. I am going to live by the West River. Can you tell me what kind of People I shall find there?" "From what I hear," said the Wise Man, "you will find excellent and pleasant Neighbors." "Hooray!" said the Traveler. And he clucked to his Horses and went on.

M. S. Packard.

Mysterious Stranger

OF course Banquo's ghost caused some perturbation at the banquet. "It may be the food administrator," whispered some.

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INSEPARABLE



FEBRUARY 21, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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FOR what Colonel Roosevelt has had to say of late, the back or middle pages of

the papers have often seemed suitable; but always whatever vitally concerned his health or his life, is "the news," and holds place against anything. Political interest in him fluctuates. Personal interest is always strong. It sleeps sometimes, but wakes at a touch.

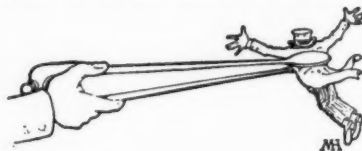
Public concern about the operations he has lately had was as acute as about the loss of the *Tuscania*, which befell at the same time. It may be disputed that he is just now an important political force in this country, but there is no disputing that he is a great personal force; a national figure, a great name, a prodigious reputation, and probably beyond anyone else alive an object of American affection.

Possibly he has not as yet been able to rid himself of the physical consequences of the fever he caught in his pursuit of the River of Doubt. However that may be, it will be hoped, universally, that the measures now proceeding may restore him to his best condition.

The loss of the *Tuscania* was a heavy blow, lightened, it is true, by the fact that nine-tenths or more of the men aboard her got ashore. There is mourning for those who were lost. We are not used yet to a steady toll of lives exacted by the war. The French have suffered it almost to exhaustion; the British, including their Colonials,

terribly, and it still goes steadily on. Our losses have been mainly men who have died in camps, and of a few on the war-front, and now of this considerable company drowned by the loss of a transport. Inevitably there will be a feeling that these lives have been wasted in a way, because they were not given up in actual contact with the enemy. But that is not a warrantable feeling.

Military preparation is inevitably attended by some loss of life. In our case, this time, it has been comparatively low. But every faithful soldier, every zealous officer, who has died in camp or in transport has given his life as truly to win the war as though he had died in actual engagement with the enemy. Whoever has dedicated himself to the war has bargained to give his life whenever it shall be demanded of him. Whether or when the summons will come he cannot tell, but whenever it does come, be it by pneumonia or other camp disease, or by drowning in transport, or by death from wounds at the front, it is equally a case of dedication fulfilled and sacrifice accepted for the great cause that beckons to us all.



THE administration has met the movement for a Board of Munitions by asking for increased powers for the President, which will enable

him to put any piece of war work into whatever hands seem, to him, best qualified to perform it. Under the terms of the legislation suggested he may take any job away from any existing agency, department or bureau, together with the money voted for it, and entrust its execution and the disbursement of the money to any other agency he may choose. This seems to give the President a huge increase of authority, and of course it is an increase. But the obvious purpose of it is to cut red tape and get things done by men who can do them. The proposed bill does not authorize the President to spend money, except for the purpose for which it was voted. It leaves the nation's purse as much in control of Congress as ever, but it increases the President's power to secure efficiency in execution of war plans. Essentially it seems to have the same aim as the plan for a Board of Munitions.

We hope that out of consideration of these rival proposals may come some plan that will give comfort and unity of effort to all faithful citizens who are trying to win the war. It cannot be won unless we all pull together. The Republicans, or former Republicans, include the biggest part of the material efficiency of the country. They stand behind the administration in the promotion of practical war measures at least as firmly as the Democrats do. Their criticism of methods is valuable. It is worth everything to make them feel that they are truly in the game, and are fighting, not as those who beat the air, but as men whose blows get home.



THE overhauling of Mr. Baker has doubtless diverted the strength of a very hard-worked man from colossal labors, but it has been useful, and perhaps worth all it has cost. The natural sources of criticism were pretty much dammed until Congress took hold. Senator Hitchcock, a man who tried early in the war to get an embargo on munitions, was an odd choice to punch



WHEN HIS SHIPS COME IN

up the administration for defective war measures, but a torch in any hand may be better than darkness.

In all that concerns our war activities it is comparatively easy to say what is lacking, but not easy to say what defects were inevitable and what were not. It is no help to say that if we had begun three years ago we would have

been in a better case now. It is more helpful to show wherein we have wasted time and money this last year. It is most helpful to put the finger on what is amiss and get it bettered. But this is still a democracy—though considerably tempered by war-legislation—and in democracies things are seldom bettered, except after clamor. The ad-

ministration—meaning, chiefly, the War Department—cannot tell all it has done. This disability partly protects and partly exposes it. It leaves it open to sanguine people to think it has twice as many troops in France as are really there, and to pessimists to divide the real number by two. It also puts just criticism out of the power of the mass of observers who do not know the facts. But Congress knows the facts, or can get them, and the best hope of useful criticism and resulting improvement lies in Congress.



IS the war going to be won by fighting, attrition and starvation, or by ideas?

By both means, no doubt.

When one of them seems to be falling down, the mind, disconsolate, turns to the other.

In so far as the acceptance of ideas will bring peace back to earth, Mr. Wilson's ideas are the best offered. On them, or his expression and proffer of them, there is the best agreement in the Allied countries. But the governments of the Central Powers will not accept them unless they have to, and the argument with them still rests on a military basis. So there are two great forces always fighting for peace; the engaging and acceptable ideas best formulated by our President, and the armies, navies, treasuries, populations and all the resources of the Allies.

There must not be any let-up with either force until peace is attained. Bang the Germans in the eye on the front, sink their U-boats in the seas, and attack them in the rear with sane proposals for the reinstallation of peace and law and order in this bedevilled world.

Following close on the loss of the *Tuscania* comes word of the perfecting by our navy of a submarine locator of which the authorities have great hopes.

Good luck to it! It is our turn to have encouragement.



Midnight in any gue

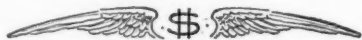


ght in any guest-chamber



Not Very Much Doing

BY way of education in the girl-and-music show industry "The Love Mill" is interesting. It demonstrates how, with the best intentions in the world and with the command of all the usual material, it is yet possible to achieve only amateur results. The final impression after witnessing "The Love Mill" is that it was meant to be funny, that it was meant to be musical, that it was meant to go with slap and dash, and that with all the effort and material there was a lack of some kind of expert professional direction. The public has so much to choose from in the way of girl-and-music entertainment, and has become so expert in judging its quality, that "The Love Mill" is likely to be regarded as a well meant amateur effort in a field where only the most expert professional ability has a chance to succeed.



THE theatrical business interests in New York deserve considerable credit for the cheerful way in which they have submitted to the inevitable in the shape of the curious edicts promulgated by Doctor Garfield in the effort to save us from the consequences of many years of misrule by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The theatres have had to put out their lights, waste their advertising, rearrange their schedules, cancel performances and do a lot of other things that meant the escape of dollars that will never come back to the tills of the box-offices. The restaurant and hotel men, who serve much the same public, have been able to recoup their losses by doubling their prices and dividing their portions, but there is no such refuge for the theatrical manager with an expensive



"SAY, MAMMA, CAN ME AND THE PUP HAVE YOUR HAT TO PLAY WITH?"
"CERTAINLY NOT!"



FOR THE WELL DRESSED MAN

"SLACKERETTE," A CLING-STONE SWEATER OF NON-RESISTANCE SILK. FOR THE SMART GIRLISH FIGURE

production on his hands. Not even the ticket speculator or the cut-rate dealer could save him in this emergency. He has had to take his medicine, and, so far as the public knows, he has taken it cheerfully. In fact, in everything touching on the war and in helping to promote war enthusiasm and war charities the theatrical industry of New York in all its branches has shown a mighty fine spirit.



STILL we grieve. LIFE's readers may think that LIFE neglects the movies. Not so. Every little while we go with high hope inspired by the claims of those impressed by the commercial bigness of the movie industry into the belief that it must have something to do with art. They point to the great sums invested in the business, to the lavish expenditure for production and housing, to the tremendous salaries paid to performers who catch the fancy of the movie public and to the importance attached to their enterprises and their people by the daily newspapers. And still we grieve that the movie-picture industry adapts itself, as someone has said, only to the mentality of the twelve-year-old child.

In the field of realism and utility, such as recent war pictures and the like, no one can deny the value of the films. But when we enter the field of the imagination there is the same old disappointment. The only improvement is in minor and mostly mechanical details.

The reason is obvious. The cost of production is great, and the product must please vast numbers of people. The only standards many of these have were created by the movies themselves, and new films must conform to those standards.

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TAKING HIS DUST

THE moving-picture business started as a sort of five-cent peep-show, and in its artistic standards has not advanced much beyond its original public. The nimble nickel is still the objective. The big-eyed, baby-girl heroine, the vamping adventuress and the slap-stick comedian are the great magnets for the coin of the multitude. The literature of the movie is confined to the badly written texts thrown on the screen, and dramatic construction is supplied by the shears of the person who cuts the celluloid films to secure startling effects.

There have been a few exceptions where reckless expenditure, guided by some artistic impulse, to produce stupendous effects has appealed to the whole

public. There has also been an occasional effort to transfer drama and acting to the screen, but invariably with unfortunate results to the backers, who did not know that the movie-picture public wants only the thing to which it has been accustomed, with such variations as the movie showman knows how to introduce. More than this, the films can only be marketed through channels controlled by the cheapest kind of commercialism.

Until the movie patrons tire of the sort of thing now supplied to them—and that may possibly happen—those of us who would like to see the screen drama developed with all its artistic possibilities must continue to grieve over lost opportunity.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"Why Marry?" by Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams. Well played and clever comedy taking the negative view of the question its title propounds.

Belasco.—"Polly With a Past." Delightfully staged and amusing comedy of the day with Ina Claire in the leading rôle.

Bijou.—"Girl o' Mine," by Messrs. Bartholomae and Tours. Cheery little girl-and-music show with good dancing.

Booth.—"Seventeen," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. The tragedies of puppy-love cleverly and amusingly set forth.

Broadhurst.—Emily Stevens in "The Madonna of the Future," by Mr. Alan Dale. More talky and dirty than clever.

Casino.—"Oh, Boy!" Diverting girl-and-music show with catchy airs.

Century.—"Chu Chin Chow." Gorgeous spectacle of the Orient with original musical accompaniment.

Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." Well acted and laughable comedy dealing with the value of clothes as a business asset.

Cohan's.—"The King" with Mr. Leo Dietrichstein. Clever French comedy, funny but a bit risky.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players in "Youth." Notice later.

Cort.—"Flo Flo." Flippant girl-and-music show, scant in attire and refinement.

Criterion.—Laurette Taylor in "Happiness," by Mr. Hartley Manners. Drama of human nature with the star in a congenial rôle.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." Messrs. Glass and Goodman laughably put Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter in the moving-picture business.

Empire.—Ethel Barrymore in "The Off Chance," by Mr. R. C. Carton. Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Maytime." Most agreeable musical play with a real plot and pleasantly done.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Love Mill." See above.

Fulton.—Miss Margaret Anglin in "Billeted." Cleverly played English comedy with episodes based on the present war.

Globe.—"Jack o' Lantern," with Mr. Fred Stone. The star's athletic fun backed up with an elaborate girl-and-music show.

Greenwich Village.—"Karen," from the Danish of Bergstrom. Argument in favor of absolute sex freedom for women set forth in play form.

Harris.—"Success," by Leitzbach and Liebler. Mr. Brandon Tynan in excellent demonstration of the actor of the old school and as the hero of a delightfully theatrical drama.

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." Vaudeville, ballet and spectacle on a large-scale basis.

Hudson.—"The Indestructible Wife," by the Hattons. Very amusing and up-to-the-minute comedy with an appeal to husbands with over-energetic wives.

Knickerbocker.—Closed.

Liberty.—"Going Up." Musical play with Mr. Frank Craven making a lot of fun as a timid aviator.

Longacre.—"Yes or No." Novel method of telling two interesting stories at once.

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose." Admirably staged melodrama of life in the Canadian Northwest.

Manhattan Opera House.—Last week of "Old Lady 31." Touching story of life in an old ladies' home with Emma Dunn as the mature heroine.

Marine Elliott's.—Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." Highly interesting drama in novel development of the plot.

Morisco.—"Lombardi, Ltd.," by the Hattons. New York's fashionable dressmaking trade shown from the inside.

New Amsterdam.—"Cohan Review of 1918." The season's successes well burlesqued to the accompaniment of a brilliant girl-and-music show.

Norworth.—"Odds and Ends of 1917." Frivolous little entertainment made up of girls, music and dancing with considerable fun.

Park.—"Seven Days' Leave," by Mr. Walter Howard. Melodrama of the present war, interesting through its plot and startling stage effects.

Playhouse.—"The Little Teacher," by Mr. Harry James Smith. Moving rural drama with Mary Ryan in an appealing rôle.

Plymouth.—"The Gipsy Trail," by Mr. Robert Housum. Contemporary comedy, pleasing and well acted.

Princess.—"Oh, Lady! Lady!" by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Kern. Jolly little girl-and-music show.

Republic.—"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," by Messrs. Bell and Swan. Very rough-house but very funny farcical comedy.

Shubert.—"The Copperhead," by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Notice later.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Last week of "Blind Youth" with Mr. Lou Tellegen. Sex problem with international background. Fairly interesting drama.

Vieux Colombier.—Imported French stock company in changing bill.

Winter Garden.—"Sinbad." Notice later.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—Entertainment in the way of supper, dancing and cabaret for wakeful persons who do not want to go home after the theatre.



ADVICE TO MISSIONARIES

AFTER PERSUADING THE SAVAGES TO GIVE CIVILIZATION A TRIAL DON'T SPOIL EVERYTHING BY SHOWING THEM PICTURES OF THE PRESENT WAR

A Bloodthirsty Commission

THE Massachusetts legislature recently empowered a commission, headed by Arthur E. Seagrave, to devise a preliminary draft for a new dog law. Mr. Seagrave and his brother commissioners appear to have lusted after blood and the howls of tortured dogs, for the preliminary draft which they evolved contained the following interesting features:

Any person may kill on sight any dog running at large during stated hours. This ruling applies to lap dogs as well as larger animals.

Any person may kill a dog he sees chasing any domestic animal.

Officers may kill at sight any dog found running at large.

Dog-license fees shall be raised to five dollars for males and six dollars for females.

These gentle measures were designed to protect the Massachusetts sheep industry. It has been pretty definitely proved, however, that the decline of the sheep industry in Massachusetts is due to the evil Massachusetts climate rather than to the depredations of dogs; and the Massachusetts legislature, doubtless aware of this fact, refused to dally with Mr. Seagrave's measures until they had been shorn of their bloodthirstiness. If the Massachusetts legislature finds itself with any spare time on its hands in the near future, it might empower another commission to look into the desirability of allowing police officers to shoot the members of Mr. Seagrave's commission on sight if they are ever again found annoying any domestic animals with foolish suggestions for laws.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

Survival of the Fittest

OH, the Witty Girl is mighty pert and clever,
But the Pretty Girl is a thing of joy forever.

Oh, the Witty Girl is never dull or prosy,
But the Pretty Girl is fresh and sweet and cosy.

Oh, the Witty Girl in talk may be a winner,
But the Pretty Girl gets taken out for dinner!

Arthur Guiterman.

Millennium Enough

FIRST LAMB: Think it will ever be safe to lie down with a lion?

SECOND LAMB: Goodness knows. I'll be perfectly satisfied when it is safe to lie down by myself.



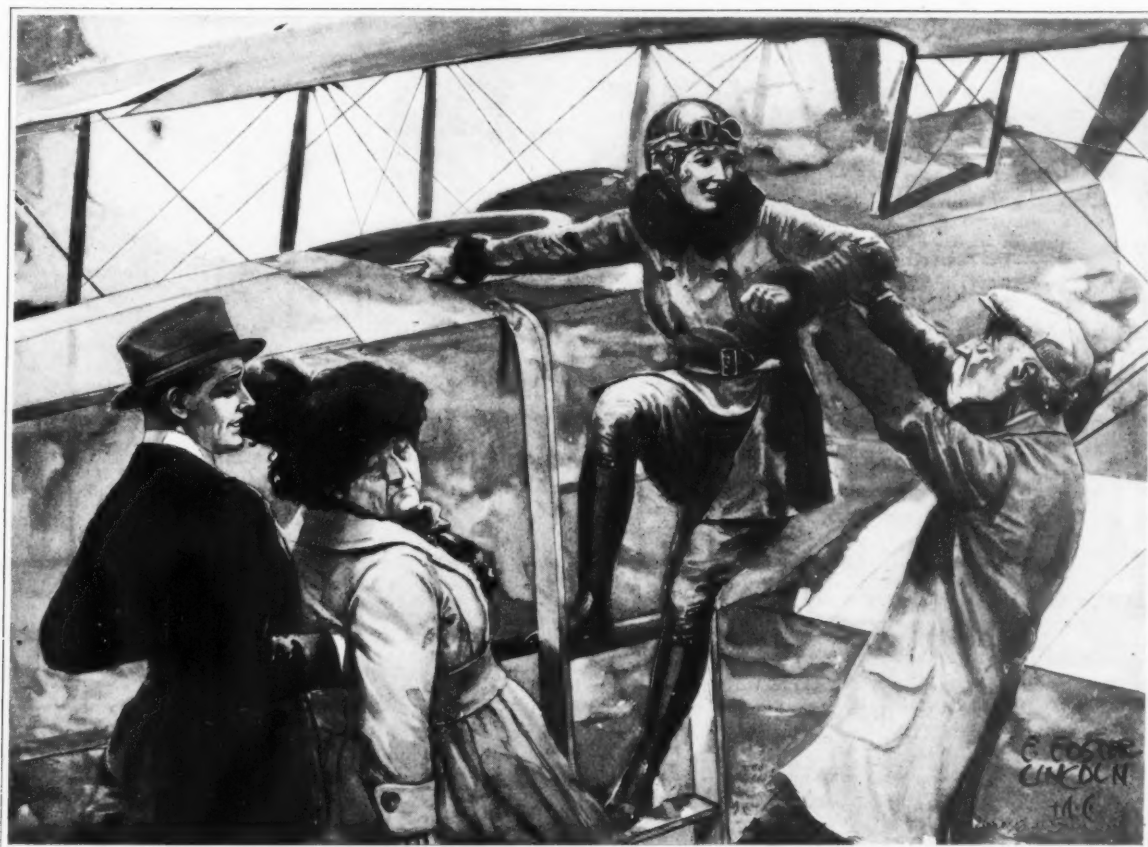
MR. AND MRS. BUNGALOW DECIDE THAT IT'S THEIR PATRIOTIC DUTY TO DO A LITTLE HOOVERIZING

Some Satisfaction Anyway

"YES, sir, my wife is a remarkable woman. Goes to church, saves systematically, and lives up in every way to her sense of duty."

"I should think that would make you very happy."

"In a way it does. I am happy in the consciousness that I am a philosopher."



THE WILLOWBYS' WARD. 39

THE WILLOWBYS ARE GREATLY DISTURBED ON LEARNING OF MOLLY'S LATEST AMBITION

Would Not Do at All

A KANSAS CITY correspondent of the *Tribune* inquires:

How would it do to adopt "*Germania Delenda Est*," meaning Germany must be destroyed, as a common cause universal motto among the Allies?

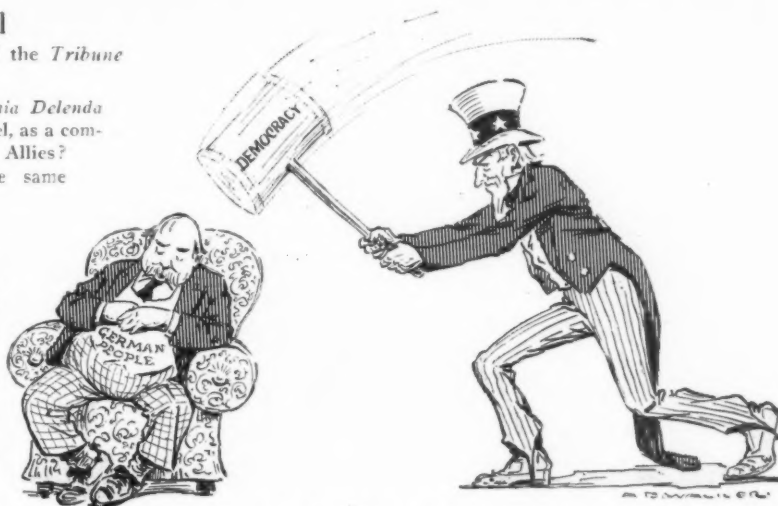
Being in Latin, it would be in the same language with all the nations.

It would do great harm and no good. The only destruction that Germany faces is self-destruction. The Allies have no purpose to make a Carthage of her. They want her cured. But they want a lasting cure.

Somewhere in America

"WHAT time does the next train leave?"

AGENT: Don't know; haven't heard from Mr. McAdoo this week.



THE ONLY WAY TO WAKE HIM

Requiem, on Discarding an Old Suit

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to my old breeches!
Farewell, sweet shabby coat and soup-stained vest!
Farewell, dear trousers, patched with careful stitches!
The good old suit, my wife says, has "gone West."

These trousers which (my dear) you say disgraced me—
Which "furnace men would be too proud to wear"—
For twelve long months they lovingly embraced me.
When shall I see again so fine a pair?

They were the color of tobacco ashes
(A pipe could never harm such pantaloons),
And they were camouflaged with stains and splashes,
Fond souvenir of feats with forks and spoons.

I knew by heart which pockets could be trusted,
And which let small change vanish through a hole;
Though ragged, baggy, wrinkled, mud-encrusted,
If ever breeks do, those breeks had a soul!

And now, dolled up in crass new coat and trousers,
Ashamed and sad, I pace the lonely street,
Unhappy in my finery, for now, sirs,
My friends will never know me when we meet!

Christopher Morley.

Our Aims Are Discovered

The United States entered the war against Germany in order that she might acquire the potash mines of Alsace. Our watchword must be, "Not one inch of potash-bearing soil to the Americans!"—*Prof. Roth of Griefswald University in the Vossische Zeitung.*

THUS early in the conflict are our hopes blasted. Professor Roth has spotted our fell designs on Germany's potash, and has warned his people not to let us get any of it. The outlook is gloomy and depressing. We have gone to work and spent several billions of dollars to make it possible for our armies to steal a few million dollars' worth of potash: and Germany, forewarned, is going to stop us. Foiled in our attempt, we may as well recall our armies to-morrow—unless, of course, we can find something else worth fighting for. Maybe—happy thought—we could steal Germany's monopoly on the fairy-tale industry. In that case we would allow our armies to remain in France for yet a little while.

Fitting

"DO you consider it in good taste to say of your dead friend that he lived a dog's life?"

"Why not? Wasn't he faithful to his friends, forgiving of his enemies, brave, courteous, trustworthy, and always ready to give his life for those he loved?"

THE Kaiser would just as soon stop the war right now, but we want to end it.



NOW STARRING IN "UNDER TWO FLAGS"

For the Mothers and Babies



JEANNE PAGE, BABY 1760

THIS is a very statistical-looking page for LIFE, but, in consideration of the cause it represents, we trust our readers will forgive our devoting to a valuable help for a suffering people space which otherwise would be devoted to entertainment or enlightenment. Dire tales have reached us of the hardships of

women and children in France during this hard winter, and we know that what LIFE's readers have done and are doing in their behalf is of the utmost importance.

We have received, in all, \$173,667.11, from which we have remitted to Paris 985,009.95 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Tirrell, Washington, D. C., for Baby No. 2303	\$73
Mrs. H. B. Robie, New York City, for Baby No. 2304	73
Master James Byron and Master Tidd Byron, Mercersburg, Pa., for Baby No. 2305	73
The girls of the "Hi Y" Unit of Hamilton High School, Hamilton, Ohio, for Babies Nos. 2306 and 2307	146
Mrs. John H. Fedden, New York City, for Baby No. 2308	73
Louise R. Morris, Millbrook, N. Y., for Baby No. 2309	73
Mrs. James L. Mathews, Brooklyn, N. Y., for Baby No. 2310	73
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sanford, Mocksville, N. C., for Baby No. 2311	73
Miss Ruth Bartlett, Detroit, Mich., for Baby No. 2312	73



LUCIENNE GIBAULT, BABY 510, AND HER BROTHERS

In this list are printed first the numbers and names of the babies. These are followed by the names of the contributors to whom they are assigned.

1920. Marcelle Demaison. Miss M. L. Powers.	
1999. Odette Demaison. Paul and Virginia, Washington, D. C.	
2006. Edouard Dendin. Mrs. J. F. Loader.	
1994. Germaine Denis. Mrs. Edward I. Lough.	
1996. Augustin Deparis. R. Tod Bulkley.	
2002. Aimée Deschemin. Mrs. A. W. Dunham.	
2107. Blanche Deschères. Women's Auxiliary of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, New York City.	
2108. Renée Deschères. Women's Auxiliary of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, New York City.	
1922. Céline Desgranges. Miss Helen Strite.	
2003. André Desnos. "L." Philadelphia.	
1923. Jeanne Devauvre. Miss L. Nelson.	
1974. Albert Garel. Harry Addison Kuhn.	
2098. Marcel Giraud. Naomi. John and Jane Sloan, Chicago, Ill., and Mrs. Daniel P. Cole, Springfield, Mass.	
2113. Marie Anna Glaise. Laura V. Jones and Anna B. Jones.	
2084. Marthe Grandjean. Miami Valley Lodge No. 20, American Rolling Mill Co., Middletown, Ohio.	
1941. Henri Guichemerre. Mrs. Geo. W. Johnson.	
1930. Etienne Guipont. Mrs. W. J. Wilson.	

(Continued on page 318)

J. Jay Dunn, Ellwood City, Pa., for Baby No. 2313	73
Thomas Blyth Thompson, Evanston, Wyo., for Baby No. 2314	73
Miss Louise Barton, Ellwood City, Pa., for Baby No. 2318	73
Mrs. Howard N. Eavenson, Gary, W. Va., for Baby No. 2319	73
"In memory of Thomas Lyons," Gila, New Mexico, for Baby No. 2320	73
Miss Annie Campbell and N. E. Wingate, Greenville, Miss., on account of Baby No. 2041	18.50
Winifred Morris, Swarthmore, Pa., on account of Baby No. 1738	3
Mr. and Mrs. A. Keeney Clarke, New York City, on account of Babies Nos. 1751 and 1752	10
Louise Ruffin, Grenada, Miss., on account of Baby No. 1914	3
Miss Lizette Ward, Grenada, Miss., on account of Baby No. 1871	3
Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City, N. D., on account of Baby No. 2245	3
Carol Daube, Northampton, Mass., on account of Baby No. 2315	10
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth M. Bissell, Los Angeles, Cal., final payment on Baby No. 1425	36.40
Mrs. R. J. MacDonald, Valley City, N. D., on account of Baby No. 2317	3
M. L. Hughes, Clarksville, Tenn., on account of Baby No. 1904	6
Miss Elsie Whipple, Santa Ana, Cal., final payment Baby No. 1805	37
The Ethical Culture School, New York City, on account of Baby No. 1867	6

BABY NUMBER 2306

Nora E., Esther F., Mabelle B., Lillie K. and Alice A. Volkert, Evanston, Cincinnati, Ohio.	36
The Juniors of Fairhaven High School, Bellingham, Wash.	36
Francis Parks, Cleveland, Ohio.	1

\$73

BABY NUMBER 2283

Already acknowledged	\$65.36
T. C. P., Chicago, Ill.	5
E. B., Oakland, Cal.	2.44
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth M. Bissell, Los Angeles, Cal.	.20

\$73

BABY NUMBER 2316

E. B., Oakland, Cal.	\$11.06
French and Latin students of the Bryant High School, New York City, through Mabel McMahon	41.50
"In memory of Thomas Lyons," Gila, New Mexico	2

\$54.56



ODETTE ARNICAUD, BABY 688, AND CHARLOTTE, BABY 687

Democracy vs. Leadership

THERE is value in these days in a mind which holds a vision or a studied picture of a system for the regulation and advancement of human life that is totally different from the system that we have known, and approves and applauds that other system. There is even value and consolation in a mind that considers that a large part of the system we know is bad and must be destroyed in the interest of future well-being. It is being destroyed so fast that it is consoling to find any trained and furnished mind that holds that its destruction is necessary. That is the value of Brother Ralph Adams Cram, architect, prophet and political critic, who has written a thin but very lively book, "The Nemesis of Mediocrity," to demonstrate that modern democracy is so defective in method that it cannot bring out the leadership that the contemporary world requires.

Brother Cram thinks small potatoes of the whole modern world. The world for him was Europe before the Renaissance—the Christian world that built the Gothic cathedrals; the world of abbeys, of great captains, popes, statesmen and ecclesiastics; of faith, of great ideas and great leaders of people. He considers that our age began with the Renaissance and that mankind has been steadily going to the devil ever since. His trinity of execration is Renaissance, Reformation, Revolution. He puts no money on any of them. In that, he is entirely different from most of us, who were brought up to hail the Renaissance as the glorious revival of learning and beauty, the Reformation as the release of the human mind from the shackles of ecclesiasticism, and the Revolution as the relighting of the torch of human liberty. Brother Cram not only has not a good word for any of these phenomena, but he declares that the present war is the fruit of what they sowed; that they lured the world away from everything that was best for it, the true faith, great art, the leadership and authority of great hearts and lofty spirits, and



Scene: LIFE OFFICE, JUST OUTSIDE THE SANCTUM

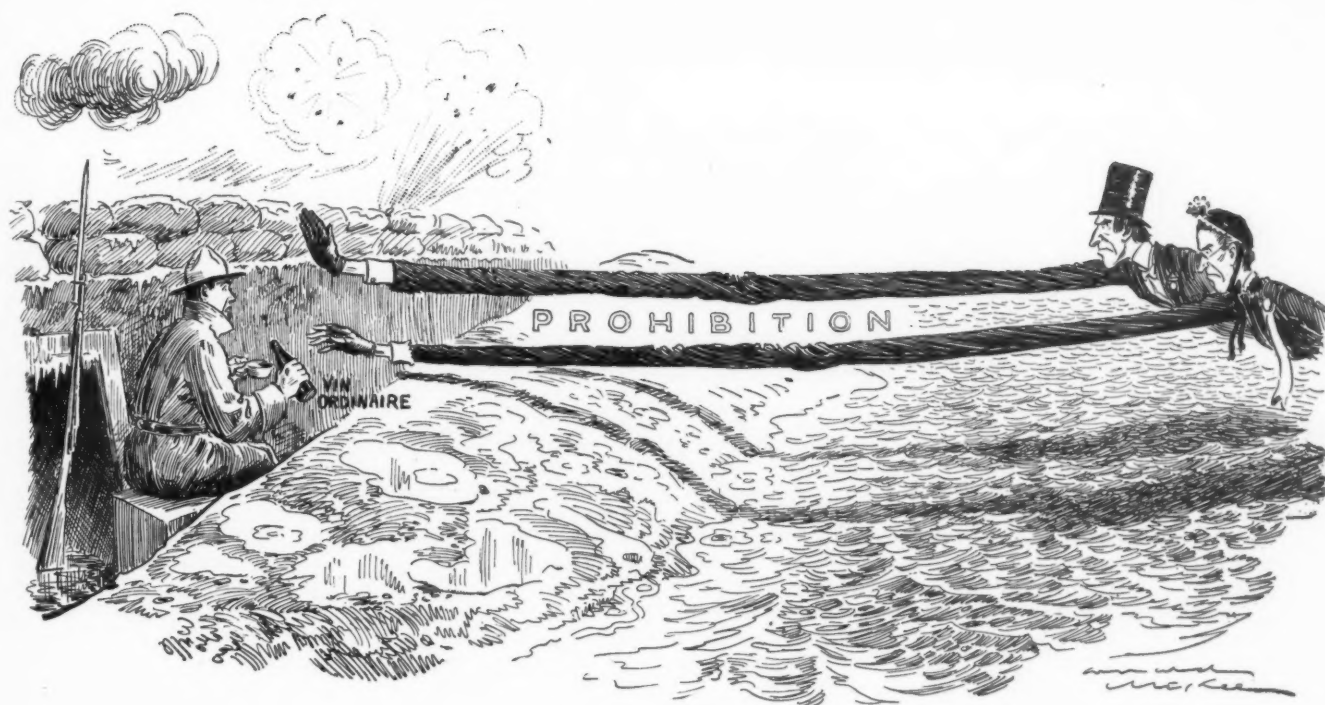
First Artist: WHEN IS A JOKE NOT A JOKE?

Second Artist: WHEN IT GOES THROUGH THAT DOOR

led it on, century after century, to the miscreant materialism which is now crashing with such a prodigious din towards the scrap heap. In the great Christian Middle Ages, Brother Cram says, there was realization of the great and true democratic ideal, the true democracy which means, as he defines it, "Abolition of Privilege; Equal Opportunity for All, and Utilization of Abili-

ty." But our present democracy, as he sees it, realizes none of these things, and especially not the Utilization of Ability, and it is this last defect in it that is the target of his latest discharge.

These notions of Brother Cram are not raw products of the great war. He has had them long, and they are well matured. He is the same observer



HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

who pointed out, and printed in a book published early in 1914, that we were nearing the end of a five-hundred-year period that began with the fall of Constantinople in 1453, and that what we called our civilization and bragged about was nearing its end and would fall down and disappear as the Roman civilization did before it. That seemed like a pretty wild shriek, but when presently in August of that year things began to crumple, it looked a little more as though it had somewhere some grain of thought-out sense in it.

Brother Cram, without doubt, is an extravagant person, and his eloquent disclosures of the iniquity and fatuity of modern times are probably vulnerable enough in many details. But he thinks he knows of a world system that was vastly better than the one we were raised in, that was stronger in faith and better and lovelier in works, and that though we cannot go back to its facts, we must go back to its spirit if we are ever at all to make a good thing of this world we live in.

As to his assault on contemporary

democracy for its failure to produce leaders, what he says is worth considering. One of our great problems is how on earth, in the teeth of our political apparatus, to get enough fit men into Congress and the government to do the business of the coun-



"BUT, ADAM, DEAR! THE CHILDREN
MUST BE QUARRELING!"

try. We seem to have developed a mechanism of wonderful efficiency for projecting small men into big public places and constraining big men to devote their energies to private concerns. A strong man can hardly be nominated for President if he is known to be strong. We got Roosevelt by accident, and Wilson by luck—a man but very slightly known when he was elected. There is much complaint that we can't do our great war job properly because we cannot sort out the men who might do it and put them in the places that need them.

Mr. Cram holds that not only we, but all the other peoples, are leaderless. But not quite. He has noticed Wilson, and has hopes of him. Writing before Mr. Wilson's last message and peace-terms, Mr. Cram saw in his development a hopeful possibility of leadership of the old type by which, to that extent, the present lack of world-leadership might be corrected. He is willing to count Mr. Wilson as an

(Continued on page 317)



AFTER THE BREAKDOWN

THE ONLY HABITATION WITHIN MILES IS THE COTTAGE ONE'S EX-HUSBAND HAS TAKEN

Just Dogs

"WHY'S all that fuss?" the sergeant said,

"To 'ear them scudding feet—
Just dogs a-comin' back again—
Sancho an' Pat an' Pete."

Just dogs! Why, Sancho saved ten
lives

Half buried by a shell.
He dug them out with bleeding paws
Where blinding shrapnel fell.

And little Pat bore under fire
His Red Cross water can,
Quenching the cruel, burning thirst
Of many a wounded man.

Pete tugged grenades at Loos, as brave
As any soldier there;
The general knelt before them all
To give his *Croix de Guerre*.

Just dogs! Why, scarce a soldier gone
Would find his heaven complete
Unless he heard beside his own
That sound of scudding feet!

Charlotte Becker.

Four Stages of the Farmer

1915—Rube.
1916—Farmer.
1917—Agriculturist.
1918—Patriot.

Why the Germans Want
Indemnities from America

TO defray the cost of shells used in killing American Red Cross ambulance drivers.

To pay for gas bombs dropped on American doctors.

To reimburse the Imperial German Government for cost of torpedo that sank the *Lusitania*.

To pay for the crushed glass placed in American Red Cross bandages by German spies.

To replace in the Imperial Treasury the five hundred million dollars expended on German propaganda in America.

To reimburse the Imperial Department of Foreign Affairs for salaries of spies maintained in the United States War, Navy and State Departments.

Efficiency?

"YOU say this car you sold me has gone only one thousand miles?"

DEALER: Just look at the speedometer.

"Well, I wish you would take that speedometer off the car and put it on my gas meter."



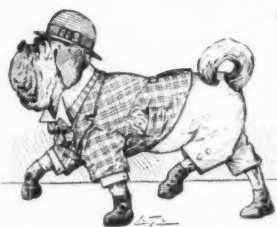
Diplomat's Son: WELL, NURSE, I JUST STARTED NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE LORD TO BLESS PA AN' MA AN' MAKE ME A GOOD BOY. I EXPECT TO PUT IT THROUGH IN A COUPLE O' YEARS.



FOR THE LONG (HEATLESS) WINTER EVENINGS

Society Notes

(From The Dog News and Daily Barker)



MRS. J. SCOTCH TERRIER held a bone-finding party yesterday afternoon in front of her kennel. Bones were buried for six.

Miss Ima Setter, who has just graduated from the Canine Conservatory, has invited a few intimate friends to a private moon-baying recital to-morrow evening.

Mr. Vernon McPupp announces a personally conducted pail picnic next Monday morning, to celebrate the escape of his brother, Hairy, from the local pound.

Mr. Hector Mastiff will spend the week-end with his cousin, Miss Bullie Toughmugge, at her home in Judge Alden's garage.

The Fraternal Order of Fidos will hold its annual dinner dance to-morrow at midnight in Miller's butcher-shop. The proceeds will go to the Home for Friendless Mongrels.

Mr. Augustus Howler left yesterday afternoon in a freight car to spend the winter in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Airedale Odde are off on their honeymoon

to Central Park. They will be at home after November twenty-first in the rear of Gordon's livery stable.

Miss Phooie Dackel will entertain to-day with a dog-biscuit lunch in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dachshund Browne, who has just become the mother of ten children.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Greyhound will give a farewell dinner next Thursday for their daughter, Sniffie, who leaves for Europe to engage in Red Cross work at the Western front.

Edmund J. Kiefer.



THE OLD FLIRT



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

"Wonderful Man"

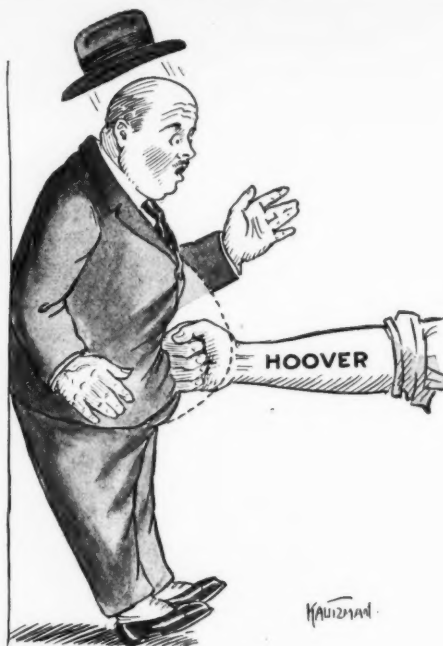
Oh, never a brute in the forest,
And never a snake in the fen,
Or ravening bird, starvation stirred,
Has hunted his prey like men:
For hunger and fear and passion
Alone drive beasts to slay,
But wonderful man, the crown of the plan,
Tortures and kills for play.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Kindness

Private Simpkins had returned from the front to find that his girl had been walking out with another young man, and naturally asked her to explain her frequent promenades in the town with the gentleman.

"Well, dear," she replied, "it was only kindness on his part. He just took me down every day to the library to see if you were killed."—*London Opinion.*



REVERSES ON THE AMERICAN FRONT

Remembered His Arithmetic

Another thing that will puzzle our soldiers is English money. One time an American who was the worse for drink was traveling in a railway carriage when the guard asked for his ticket.

"Got none! Lemme 'lone!" maundered the Yank.

The guard took out his ticket schedule.

"Five and six, please," he said tersely.

"Whazat?" queried the tipsy one.

"Five and six, please," repeated the guard.

"Eleven," said the Yank. "Now move 'long to ze next boy."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Female Veteran

HE: Isn't that General Blank and his daughter over there?

SHE: Yes. They say that she has been through more engagements than her old father.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Ah," said the golfer who was skating, as the ice gave way beneath him, "at last I have developed a perfect follow through."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Every other department of this hotel is operated with the same exacting attention to the little things.

The Hollenden
Cleveland



SOUVENIRS FOR KATRINA
(Apologies to Paul Stahr)

More Paving Material

THE unseen eyes look down
Upon the town,
Upon the countryside,
The nations wide,
And view a mass of words
Flying like birds,
But poor, misshapen things
With broken wings.

The unheard voice inquires:
"What vain desires
Have shattered and disgraced
You, words so chaste?
Where go you?" Comes reply:
"To hell we fly,
There to be used, we own,
As paving stone.

"As resolutions, we
Were fair to see
When moulded first by man
The first of Jan.;
But now we're broken reeds
Whom no one heeds,
And journey hence where all
Intentions fall."

A. Walter Utting.

Steps in the Career of a Masterpiece

IT is dashed off in an idle hour after dinner.

It is read to the family circle, and greeted with loud cheers.

It is re-read an hour later for the benefit of the aunt who drops in.

It is made the subject of a one-hour discussion, the consensus of opinion being that it should be sent to a magazine.

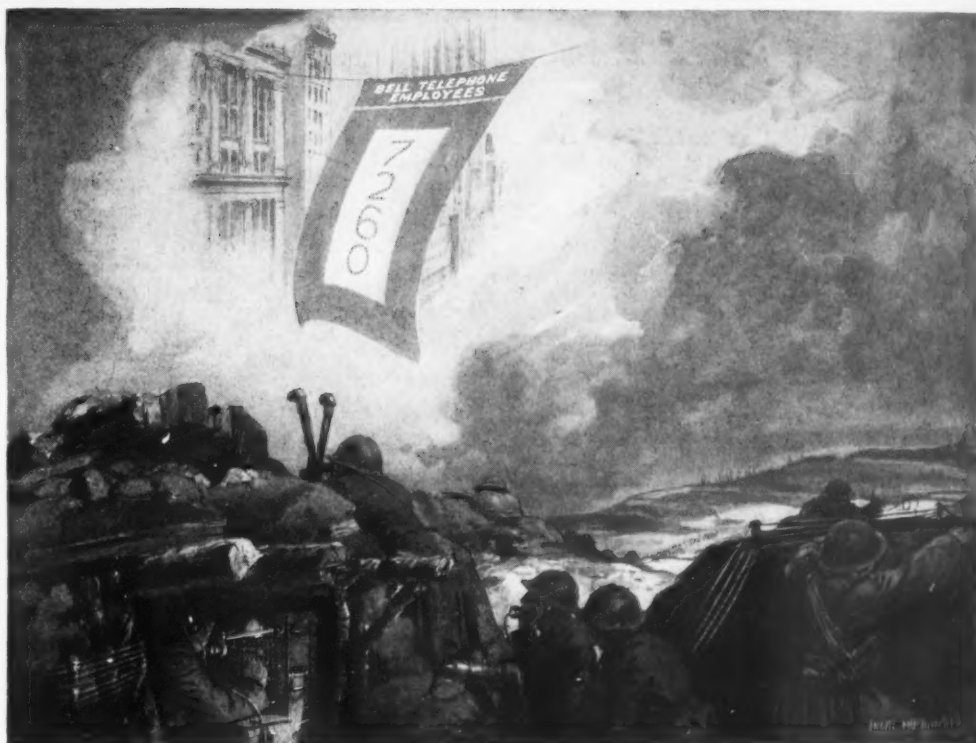
It is polished and smoothed off on the following evening.

It is re-read once more to the family circle, and voted perfectly great.

It is decided that it is just the sort of thing that LIFE would like.

It is sent to LIFE with a note explaining how it happened to be written and what the family thinks of it.

It comes back from LIFE, to the consternation and amazement of everyone.



In The Nation's Service

America is sending its best men to fight for freedom, and in their honor the whole land is dotted with service flags carrying the stars of sacrifice.

It is a far cry from the crowded city streets, above which floats our service flag, to the telephone exchange hidden in the front-line trenches. But the actuating spirit of service here and abroad remains unchanged.

The Stars and Stripes is the em-

blem which unites us in war for human liberty and national honor. The service flag is the emblem which unites us in mutual sympathy for the men who give themselves and for those who give their men.

These flags should inspire all citizens to greater endeavor and greater sacrifice. As one of the agencies of preparation and military support, the Bell System is honored by the opportunity to do its share.



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The Two Best Pals

a boy ever has are a faithful dog and an Old Town, the Master Canoe. Old Towns are sturdy, buoyant and quickly responsive to each stroke. They will take you where the hunting and fishing are best. Write for Catalog.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO. 1732 Middle St. Old Town, Maine

It is kept lying around for a month to prove that LIFE isn't so much, after all.

It gets tucked away in the top drawer of the desk, where it is discovered two years later by the author, who wants to know who wrote that mess of junk.

K. L. R.

"HOW is your sister now?"

"Oh, she's bully! Been out West, and had an operation for appen-

dititis, a divorce and a permanent wave. Says she feels like a new woman."

DO lawyers get too much money for their services? We are inclined to think that they do not. Practically every lawyer, when his income reaches a reasonable amount, becomes an annual subscriber to LIFE, and from its pages learns the lesson of moderation in all things.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Unsafe Experiment

The party of tourists were watching Professor X as he exhumed the wrapped body of an ancient Egyptian.

"Judging from the utensils about him," remarked the professor, "this mummy must have been an Egyptian plumber."

"Wouldn't it be interesting," said a romantic young lady, "if we could bring him to life?"

"Interesting, but a bit risky," returned Professor X. "Somebody might have to pay him for his time."

—Browning's Magazine.

Historical?

At a military tribunal in the border district one member asked the applicant, a shepherd, if he knew of any reason why his work should not be undertaken by a woman.

"A woman once tried it," replied the applicant, "and she made a mess of it."

"Who was she?" inquired the chairman.

"Bo-Peep," answered the shepherd.

—Tit-Bits.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

"WHAT is meant by a full and active member of society?"

"Why, in order to be in society you must be full and active most of the time."

—Froth.

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Aunt and Uncle

Aunt—A predestined mother who, lacking offspring of her own, is entitled to share, on occasion, in the affection which is the peculiar prerogative of those who wear the purple mantle of motherhood.

Uncle—An unattached man whose awkward efforts to appear in sympathy with the aims and aspirations of childhood should be received with becoming tolerance: a visitor from Mars within the four walls of the nursery who is expected and permitted to feel only such detached interest as might be the portion of a scientific observer from a remote world and a foreign civilization.—The Outlook.

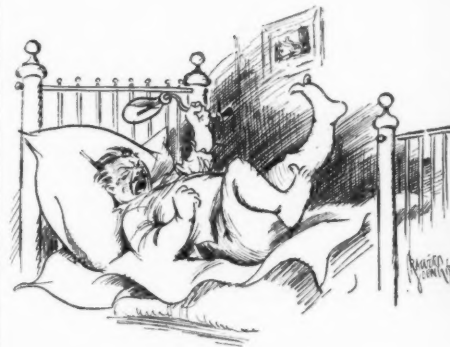
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Mr. Rattlepate put down his teacup and for the fifth time remarked to his hostess: "Well, I must be going."

"Don't let me keep you, Mr. Rattlepate, if you must go," said his hostess, hopefully.

"Yes, I really must go," said Rattlepate. "But, believe me, Mrs. Bearit, I do enjoy a little chat with you. Do you know, I had quite a headache when I came here, but now I've entirely lost it."

"Oh, it isn't lost," said Mrs. Bearit, patiently; "I've got it now."—Tit-Bits.



FAMILIAR QUOTATION

"OUR HERO SLEPT LIKE A BABY"

The Farm Mortgage as an Investment

An article showing the reasons for the growing popularity of farm mortgages among experienced investors, reprinted in pamphlet form from SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, will be sent, upon receipt of 2c postage, to any reader mentioning LIFE.

Investors' Service Bureau
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
593 Fifth Avenue New York

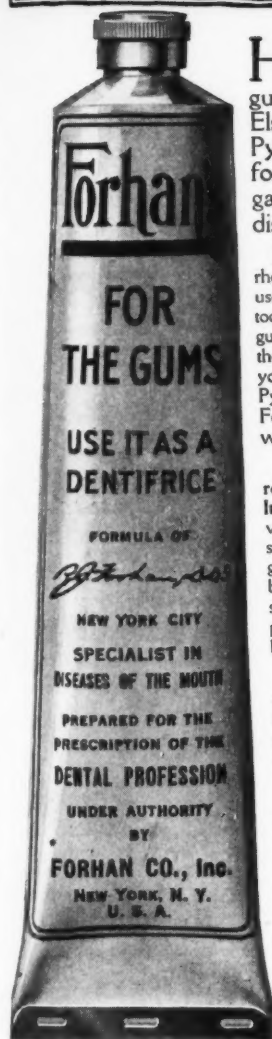
LE PAGE'S
CHINA CEMENT
STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER

Softer by ma must

C. H. EV

B Abs Ind prove

Gum decay causes tooth decay



H EALTHY teeth need healthy gums to hug them. Else they will loosen. Pyorrhea pockets will form, to act as the gateways of organic disease.

Forhan's prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. No mere tooth-paste does. Are your gums tender gums? Are they bleeding gums? If so, you are certain to have Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Four out of five people who are over forty have it.

To you we earnestly recommend Forhan's. It preserves the gums which hold the teeth secure. It obviates all gum-tenderness, all gum-bleeding. It even preserves the mouth from premature aging caused by receding gums.

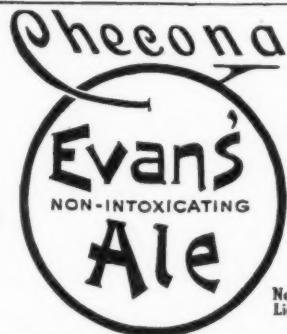
In addition, Forhan's scientifically cleans the teeth. Its taste is cool, antiseptic and distinctively pleasant.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes
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proves it. 25c at all druggists.

The Banker



T HIS is a banker.

We have often borrowed money from this gentleman, and found him invariably polite and accommodating.

We might mention that this state of affairs usually occurred after he had taken out his spectroscope and his microscope and looked over our collateral; also after he had examined our heart, tested our lungs, and ascertained our position in the social circle in which he is a shining light.

The banker is an honorable man from three o'clock in the afternoon until nine the next morning. At all other times he is a banker. He keeps money in a steel safe, and the people who own the money have such confidence in him that they let him open the safe at such times as they or someone else can be present.

The banker pays out money to all who call and who have previously put it in his box; that is, he pays out money when times are prosperous and nobody wants it particularly. But when everybody wants it, then the banker does not pay it out with the same abandon that he did before. His manner is cold and chilly and strikes you to the bone.

Sometimes the bank examiner calls and looks the banker over; if the banker is on friendly terms with the government and often helps it out, then the bank examiner does not look him over so carefully.

We are always glad, however, when the bank examiner comes—and goes, because

For several days after that we feel easy in our minds.

Not absolutely care free, you understand, but easier than usual.

"WHAT happens when you are weighed in the balance and found wanting?"

"I suppose you are exempted."

What Time is It?

YOU can see the correct time in the dark—if you own an Ingersoll Radiolite. Real radium in the substance on the hands and figures glows and shows the time as clear as day.

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IN the days of old Rameses, When everybody had paresis—may not be allowable rhyme, but it suggests a time and condition which would have been much improved if everybody had made it a practice to be a regular annual subscriber to LIFE.

DO not permit your child to take a bite or two from an apple and throw the rest away. Nowadays even children must be taught to be patriotic to the core.



The Manor Albemarle Park Asheville, N.C.

One of those "wholly satisfying" places found once in a while and never forgotten; perfect service, concentrated comfort.

Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate.
Open All Year.

Write for Booklet "L". Make Reservation

In America -- An English Inn

A Council of War

THE trench dog was the guest of honor. He went on three legs, but, like his master, who went on one, he wore the *Croix de Guerre*. To each it had been awarded for distinguished service.

As became a veteran, he betrayed but a passive interest in the question which was agitating his confrères. A rumor had reached them that in the interests of economy their British cousins might be sacrificed.

Should this measure be adopted by the United States the household pets must go.

"Pets!" barked a St. Bernard fiercely. "Who dares to call us pets? We are the friends and protectors of man."

"Literally, the Home Guards," growled a Mastiff.

"And the maintainers of law and order," yelped the Police Dog.

"Eighteen centuries ago," whined a Socialist mongrel, who had slunk in unobserved, "my ancestors licked the

sores of a beggar who waited at the gates of a certain rich man. We are still the unchanged friends of the desolate and afflicted."

"As for food conservation," yapped a Collie briskly, "I should like to know what would become of the flocks and herds without us."

"To say nothing," snapped a Rat Terrier, "of our invaluable services as destroyers of the pestiferous rodent."

"In considering these material questions," rumbled an intellectual-looking Airedale, "let us not overlook our artistic value. We have furnished inspiration for poets, painters and orators from Lord Byron and Landseer down to Senator Vest of Missouri."

"I myself posed as a Red Cross Dog for the most attractive cover in which LIFE was ever issued."

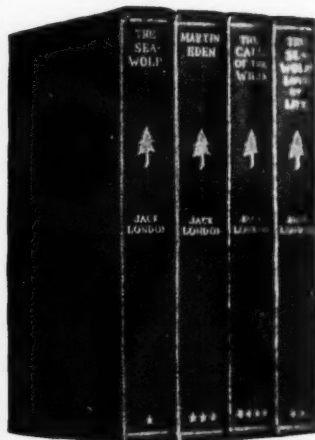
"Don't forget," shrilled a Fox Ter-

Photo by Arnold Genthe, N. Y.



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AMERICA



"HOW ABOUT THE CONSERVATION OF ARROWS, YOUNG MAN? I UNDERSTAND IT TAKES AN AVERAGE OF NINETY OF THEM TO CAUSE A FATAL WOUND."

rier, "that I took a prominent part in one of the prize contests conducted by the same periodical."

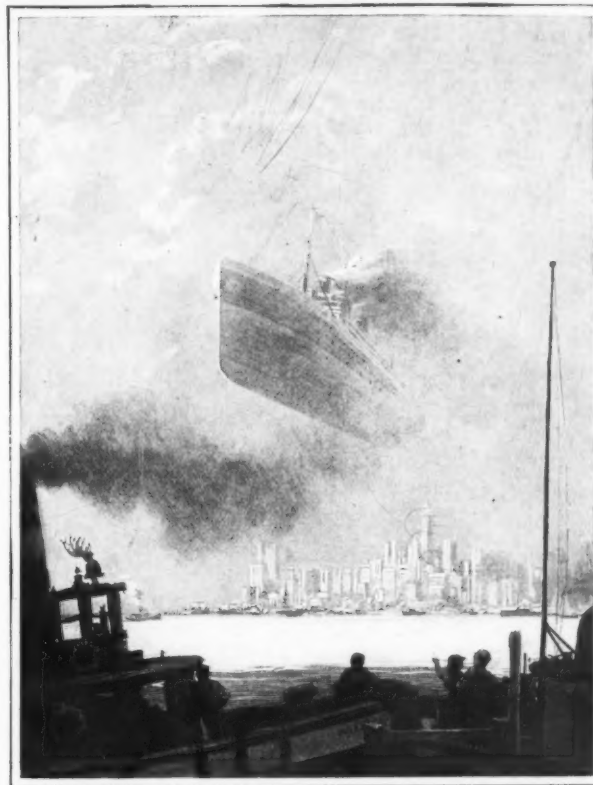
"To return to the subject under discussion," grinned a Bulldog, "it might be well to rid the country of a certain pernicious foreign element. The Chows, the Pomeranians, the Pekingese have long—"

The chairman, a Great Dane, rapped sharply for order. "Our relations with both China and Japan are altogether satisfactory," he sniffed with dignity.

"And what of the Russian Wolfhound?" snarled a German Shepherd. "As to his statue, your *Schweinhund* government has another guess coming."

"Our government is the unswerving friend of democracies," yelled the Police Dog, displaying his star, "and you are a d—d Boche spy. Come mit to the station."

And the council of war adjourned.



"Could lift it in the air to any height, crew, passengers and cargo."

Time and space are conquered in the new novel

DROWSY

by JOHN AMES MITCHELL. A lover with a strange inheritance and an invention which breaks all records for speed in travel, play their part in a romance more startling than "Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory" or "The Villa Claudia," etc.

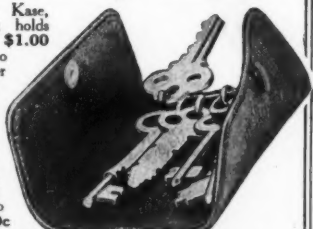
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Democracy vs. Leadership

(Continued from page 309)

exception to his rule if he keeps on going strong and pulls the world around to a right course.

Brother Cram gives lists of great leaders in the generation just past, but he never speaks of Tolstoi. He includes Herbert Spencer as a top-hole man, but not Tolstoi. He mentions Turgenieff, but not Tolstoi. That is

one thing that makes one suspect that our brother has missed discovery of some likely paths to world regeneration. He ignores that great and good democratic machine, the Ford motor car. He gives up Russia. It is too soon. Democracy, even such as we have, is better than he thinks, and has in it more that is worth saving; but he is right in saying that without great leadership it is a peril.

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French Babies

(Continued from page 307)

2076. Joseph Dalencon. Miami Valley Lodge, No. 20, American Rolling Mill Co., Middletown, Ohio.
2013. Louis Daniel. Several contributors.
2045. Joseph Daniel. Several contributors.
1822. Renee Danjou. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Harris.
1823. Roger Danjou. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Harris.
1961. Eugene Darfour. Men's Bible Class of Nelson Memorial Presbyterian Church, through E. P. Tice, Columbus, Ohio.
1966. Lucienne Darmagnac. David R. Lyman.

1939. André Daru. Mrs. Geo. W. Johnson.
2007. Jeanne David. Welles V. Moot, Jr.
1943. André Defforge. Mrs. Edward I. Lough.
2015. Léone Défosqé. The employees of Newton Annis.
1949. Jean Deguy. Anna, Frank and Milton Nichols.
2011. Georgette Delagarde. Miss Marjorie A. Dewey.
1998. Denise Delaporte. Pupils and teachers of McKinley School.
2077. Fortuné Delabarre. Miami Valley Lodge, No. 20, American Rolling Mill Co., Middletown, Ohio.
1940. Suzanne Delhaye. Mrs. Geo. W. Johnson.



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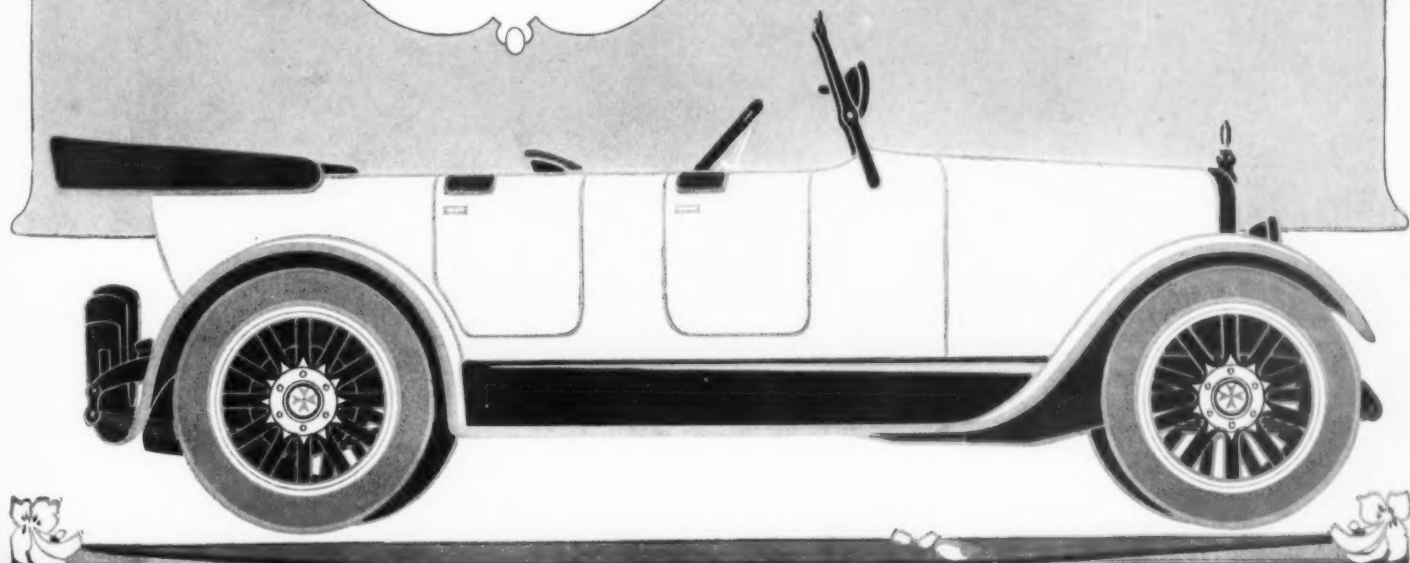
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